

## A WILL AND A WAY.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

"BEFORE you talk to me about marrying my daughter, young man, develop some of the prospects you talk about. Prospects are well enough in their way, but undeveloped ones will never keep a family."

"But, sir, your daughter loves me, and can you not give me some more definite answer to my suit; something in which I can place more hope of a final consummation of our wishes?"

"No. Again I say, develop the prospects of which you talk so glibly before you talk to me of marriage with my daughter. In the future, until they are developed, I must inform you that my house will be closed to you."

"Is that—"

"Nothing more. I have no time for this kind of nonsense. If the girl loves you, it will not hurt her to wait until your so-called prospects are in better condition than they are at present. Good day."

The conversation had taken place in the elegant private office of a wealthy banker. Edward Chalmers, the suitor for the hand of Banker Noyes' daughter, had been known to the wealthy man since boyhood. He had gone to school with the banker's daughter, Margie, until the girl had reached the age where her father thought the public schools beneath the dignity of his house. The two children had loved each other ever since the days when they made mud pies together or dug holes in the sand along the shore of the lake. When she had reached a "coming out" age she had gone into society—a society which he could not enter, but through it all she remained true to the promise made in her girlhood days—that Edward and Edward only would she marry.

Edward Chalmers left the public schools at 18. The first work that he had found was as a clerk in a railroad office, but the labor was ungenial, and he failed to advance in it after two years of trial. His ambition was a place on the staff of a daily newspaper. He knew one or two young reporters, and the life they led appealed to his fancy. But it was not until he had passed 22 that he was offered an opportunity to realize his ambition. He was given a chance as a "space writer" or "emergency reporter" on one of the city dailies. From a financial standpoint it was not much of a situation, but when the eight dollars that he earned the first week was increased to ten the second, and twelve the third, he felt that his rising prospects warranted his speaking to Margie's father.

But Margie's father knew more of the newspaper business than did the young suitor for the girl's hand in marriage. He had at one time been appointed receiver for a bankrupt newspaper, and had investigated the pay rolls to some extent at that time. In his estimation the newspaper man made, at the best, but a precarious living, and then, too, he had other plans for his daughter besides seeing her married to a beggarly newspaper reporter who could give her neither fame nor fortune. And so it came about that the young man was unceremoniously dismissed.

"Extra paper, here! All 'bout the big bank failure!"

The cry went from one end of the great city to the other as rapidly as enterprising newsboys could travel. The news the extra contained traveled even faster than the newsboys. Telephone and telegraph lines were brought into use to transmit the message to interested parties that the banking house of Noyes & Co. had failed to open its doors. People poured out of the homes, stores and factories, and gathered about the bank building. They were depositors; men and women whose savings had been carried there to be saved for them; men and women whose greatest interest in life seemed now to be locked behind those closed doors. Rapidly the crowd grew until there were hundreds of people standing in the cold about the great building. Rumor followed rumor through the crowd. The heavy doors opened and a boy came out. He was but a young clerk, and could have known but little of the affairs of the bank. He said nothing as he pushed his way through the mass of despondent humanity. The failure of the bank meant loss of employment to him, and the gloom on his face was transferred to every other face in all the great struggling crowd.

"They say it's a bad 'un," said one man to a little woman beside him. "Don't suppose we will ever get anything."

In the announcement of the failure in the late afternoon papers was the statement that the bankrupt banker would say nothing for publication. There was not an afternoon paper in the city that contained a line from him.

The morning dailies, attempting to profit by the failure of their afternoon contemporaries, were making every possible effort to secure the desired interview. Three of the best men on the staff of the morning Times had tried and failed. The banker had denied every newspaper man an interview. He had nothing to say to the press.

"We've got to get that interview with Noyes," said the city editor of the Times when the last of the three men to whom he had given the assignment reported failure. "Is there anyone on the staff who knows him personally?"

"I do," said Chalmers. "I live in the same suburb with him, have been in his home hundreds of times, and interviewed him on an important per-

sonal subject about one month ago."

"Can you see him?" asked the city editor.

"I can try," replied Chalmers.

"Can you get him to talk if you see him?"

"I think I can."

"It is 10:30 now. It will take an hour for you to get to his house, for he is at home. If you can get anything, put it on the wire. Don't try to get back with it if the telegraph office is open."

Chalmers jumped for his coat and hat, and made for the door.

"I'll put you on a salary if you succeed," shouted the city editor after him, as he rushed out of the door of the "city room."

To Chalmers that promise was sufficient inducement. He would have made Banker Noyes talk if he had had to do so at the point of a revolver. He knew the house of the banker as well as he knew his own. He knew just where the bankrupt man slept; he knew the manner in which the double entrance doors in the front of the house opened.

During the ride of an hour to the suburb in which the banker lived, Chalmers did some rapid thinking, and by the time he reached the house he was prepared for his campaign. He was a small man, and he intended taking advantage of his size and the darkness of the night.

Arriving at the house, he rang the front door bell, and in a moment a voice from the second-story window demanded to know what he wanted.

"Got a message for you," replied Chalmers, impersonating a telegraph messenger boy, and keeping well in the dark so that he could not be seen.

"Stick it under the door," said the banker.

"Can't do it," replied Chalmers.

"Got to give it to you personally, and get your receipt on the book."

It was a cold night in the middle of January, but so anxious was the banker to get that message that he did not stop to dress, or to call anyone to get it for him, but went to the door at once in his night clothes.

Chalmers heard the inside door open and pulling his ulster more closely around him, so as to avoid being recognized until the proper moment, he stepped back from the outside door. He knew there was a spring lock on the inside door, and that if the banker had to step far enough away from it to open the outside door, the chances were it would swing to behind him, and so cut off his retreat.

He heard the inside door open, and then, as the outside door opened, he heard the one inside close with a snap. Instantly he stepped onto the doorstep and inside, closing the outside door behind him, and stood with his back against it.

"Where is that message?" asked Noyes, shivering in the cold air of the vestibule.

"It's a verbal one," replied Chalmers.

"I want to know something about the condition of your bank. The receipt for the message will be an exhaustive answer to that question."

"What are you doing here?" demanded the banker. He recognized the voice of the reporter, though it was too dark to distinguish his features, the only light being a faint glimmer through the transom.

"Developing my prospects," replied Chalmers.

"You are taking a scoundrel's advantage of me."

"Whatever it is, I must insist on an answer to my question, as I have still another one to ask."

"I have nothing to say."

"But I think you have," and Chalmers opened the door behind him and let in another batch of the January air.

After an argument of some ten minutes, with repeated doses of 20-below-zero atmosphere administered to the scantily dressed banker, who could neither get back into the house nor to the bell outside, the desired information was forthcoming.

"And now," said Chalmers, "that you have given me a satisfactory answer to that question, do you think that my prospects have been developed sufficiently to warrant you in giving me any encouragement about that little matter which we discussed in your office a few weeks ago?"

"My daughter shall never marry any beggarly newspaper reporter," snapped the banker.

"Oh, I don't know," said Chalmers.

"As for that, I guess you can't do much better than I can just now. According to your own statement you have not a dollar in the world, and enough personal paper out to keep you poor the remainder of your life. As for me, I have enough to start house-keeping on in a small way, and for this night's work I am to go on the staff salary list. Some people are worse off financially than I am; you, for instance."

"Look here, young man, do you know that you are giving me a cold sufficient to kill a stronger man by keeping me here?"

"I won't detain you a moment after you have given me a satisfactory answer to my last question."

"Well, then, take her, if she will have you, but never ask me for a cent; I won't give it to you if you are starving."

"Thanks," said Chalmers, and he was out of the door and off to the telegraph office, stopping only long enough to give the bell button a hard push.

The next morning's Times had the only interview with the bankrupt banker. Chalmers said nothing as to how he had gotten it, and when he married the ex-banker's daughter some two months later every newspaper man in the city said it was the daughter's influence that had given the "emergency reporter" the inside track at the opportune time.—Radford Review.



## NOT A GUN WAS FIRED.

Whole Regiment Captured by Twenty-Two Gallant Union Soldiers in Broad Daylight.

Among the soldier heroes that received congressional medals of honor for conspicuous acts of bravery in battle is Maj. William H. Powell, of the Second West Virginia cavalry. The personal reminiscences of officers and privates who were awarded these medals are being told in "Deeds of Valor," an attractive compilation by Walter F. Beyer and Oscar F. Keydel, of Detroit, and an experience of Maj. Powell will be one of its interesting features, says the Free Press.

"Our regiment, the Second West Virginia cavalry," relates Maj. Powell, "having, as we supposed, completed its campaign of 1862, was enjoying winter quarters at Camp Platt, in November, 1862, on the bank of the Kanawha river, about 12 miles above Charleston, S. C., when, to the surprise and gratification of the boys, they were ordered into the saddle and en route for Cold Knob mountain, at which point the command was to be reinforced by the Eleventh Ohio volunteer infantry, Col. P. H. Lane commanding. From this point we moved against the Fourteenth Virginia cavalry, then in winter quarters, recruiting. They occupied two separate camps, one in the Sinking Creek valley, the other some two miles west, near Williamsburg, and both in Greenbrier county, 12 miles west of Lewisburg.

"Leaving the Kanawha river valley route at Connetton to avoid suspicion as to the objective point of operation, the column proceeded via the old road to Lewisburg, passing through Summersville, where the command arrived the same evening, having traveled 60



THE SINKING CREEK VALLEY RAID.

miles that day over rough mountain roads.

"Next morning we pushed forward as rapidly as possible through a blinding snowstorm, the snow being a foot deep on the ground. About noon, while accompanying the advance guard, composed of a lieutenant and eight men, I encountered a squad of rebel scouts, consisting also of a lieutenant and eight men. Evidently, we took them by surprise, and at the first sight of us, disregarding my polite invitation to halt, they ran into a log cabin, but a short distance away from the roadside. Observing that the lieutenant had made his escape into the woods beyond the cabin, I pushed on after him, ordering my lieutenant and guard to surround the cabin. I captured him about a mile away. I have often wondered since why the fellow did not take a position behind a tree, and, with good aim, stop my advance upon him, especially when he became convinced that I was pursuing him with a determined purpose to run him down. On returning to the cabin, I learned that Lieut. Davidson had captured the entire rebel squad, which result proved a very important factor in the final mission of the raid, as no one escaped to report the movement of the command.

"Resuming the march, we pressed forward through snow nearly two feet deep, arriving at noon of the 26th on the summit of Cold Knob mountain, where we found Col. Lane awaiting us. After a conference between Col. Paxton and Lane, the latter decided that the condition of his regiment caused by exposure to the terrible storm and deep snow of the past 24 hours, rendered the condition of the march utterly impracticable, and compelled him, in justice to his men and officers, to return to their winter quarters at Summersville.

"Influenced by Col. Lane, Col. Paxton submitted to the officers of the regiment the question of returning to camp with Col. Lane and the Eleventh Ohio volunteer infantry. This proposition met with my decided and unqualified opposition. The men in the ranks and many of the company commanders were in full accord with my views, and I said to the colonel that I would call for volunteers to accompany me in the advance movement upon the enemy's camp. This announcement induced Col. Paxton to change his mind. He gave me orders, as the major of the regiment, to make a detail and move down the mountains as the advance guard.

"I ordered Lieut. Jeremiah Davidson and 20 men of company G to accompany me, and immediately moved out in advance of the regiment. Proceeding about a mile, I met four rebel scouts

enemy's firearms were unloaded. During the brief and very exciting hand-to-hand struggle, I instantly ordered them to halt, and, seeing that they preferred attempting to escape to surrender, fired and charged upon them, wounding one and capturing another. The remaining two made good their escape.

"From our prisoners I hastily obtained valuable information as to the strength, location and relative positions of the two camps. The two scouts who had escaped, having seen but a part of our advance guard, concluded, as we afterward learned, that, as we did not press them closely down the mountain, we were nothing more nor less than a squad of union home guards living in the neighborhood.

"On nearing the foot of the mountain we saw the two escaped scouts in the distance down the valley, moving leisurely towards their camp, the smoke of which was perceptible to me. I halted for a moment until they had passed out of my view around a point in the turn of the valley. Seeing that the coast was clear and, conscious that we had no time to waste, I pushed forward rapidly to the point where the scouts had disappeared, reaching it with my little band unobserved by the enemy.

"I could plainly see that they were unapprised of our proximity, and therefore unprepared to welcome us. Appreciating the golden opportunity, I decided promptly to charge the camp. Announcing the situation and my purpose to my heroic little command of Lieut. Davidson and his 20 men, they answered:

"We will follow where you lead!"

"Having not a moment to lose, I wheeled my command into line, facing the camp, and charged my handful of men on a full run of half a mile down the Sinking Creek valley, into the center of the enemy's camp, 500 strong. We were each armed with a saber and a brace of Colt's 54-caliber navy revolvers, giving us 220 shots, which we held in reserve to avoid alarming the other camp, some two miles away, and to be used only in case of absolute necessity.

"It was soon made evident that the camp was surprised and that the

## OHIO STATE NEWS.

Gathered From Many Points By Telegraph.

### A Duel to the Death.

Nelsonville, March 20.—As the result of a quarrel Albert James is dead and Samuel Hunter has but one chance in a thousand to live. The two young men have harbored a grudge against each other for some time. Monday night they met on the main street, and after some words Hunter shot James four times, inflicting fatal wounds. After falling to the ground, and while his murderer was bending over him, James rallied long enough to rise and with a shoe knife cut Hunter's head nearly off. He swung the knife around his enemy's neck, completely encircling it to the bone and grazing the jugular vein.

### Another Mail Pouch Stolen.

Cleveland, March 20.—Another mail pouch has been stolen from the United States mail service in this city. The pouch was cut open and contents removed. It contained 300 or 400 letters of the first class, bound for Station A on the West Side, and had been dispatched from the general postoffice shortly after 5:30 o'clock Monday evening. The pouch should have arrived at the West Side station at 6:10 p. m. It arrived on the ear all right, but was stolen while the different packages were being taken to the sub-station.

### Held to the Grand Jury.

Cleveland, March 19.—William Dieter and Edward McCarthy admit everything in connection with the theft of the mail pouch bound for the Cleveland post office Thursday. The men were arraigned before United States Commissioner Parly Monday and both pleaded guilty. They were held to await the action of the grand jury. Bail was fixed at \$1,000 in each case, but neither man could give bail.

### Glassmakers Strike.

Toledo, March 19.—Glass workers at the factory of the MacBeth-Evans lamp chimney works went on strike yesterday and threaten to call out the employees of the company's factories at Pittsburg, Elwood and Marion, Ind. The company has just enforced an order making the workmen responsible for all breakage of the chimneys. The latter refuse to work under the order.

### Carbon Factory Burned.

Cleveland, March 19.—An early morning fire Monday completely destroyed the No. 1 works of the National Carbon Co.'s works on West Madison avenue. The fire started before 5 o'clock in the chemical laboratory of the works and at once and from there to other parts of the establishment. The loss is about \$75,000.

### A Norwalk Lady Suicides.

Norwalk, March 19.—Mrs. John McMahon, of this city, took her life Monday morning in a peculiar manner. She jumped from the W. & L. E. bridge to the bank of the river below, a distance of 80 feet. Her head sank deep into the soft mud, and death was caused by suffocation. She left her home at 2 a. m. in a fit of dementia caused by a long illness.

### New Railroad Incorporated.

Columbus, March 20.—The Lakeside, Napoleon & Western Electric Railway Co., of Fremont, was incorporated yesterday with \$300,000 capital. The company will build an electric line running from Marblehead, Ottawa county, west through Ottawa, Sandusky, Wood, Henry and Williams counties to a point on the Indiana line.

### A Plum for Judge Baldwin.

Canton, March 16.—Judge George E. Baldwin, of Canton, a life long friend of the president, has received word that the president intends to appoint him consul at Nuremberg, Bavaria, to succeed Dr. Weber, of Cleveland, the appointment to take effect June 1. The salary of the consul is \$5,500 a year and fees.

### Donald Is Lucky.

Batavia, March 20.—The jury in the trial of John H. Donald, charged with killing William Snyder at Higginsport in August, 1899, yesterday returned a verdict of assault and battery and the prisoner was fined \$100 and costs. Donald was convicted of murder in the first degree at a former trial in Georgetown.

### Bought by the Bridge Trust.

Toledo, March 16.—The Toledo bridge works has passed into the hands of the American Bridge Co. The deal was consummated in New York and the price paid was \$750,000. With the acquisition of the local plant the American Bridge Co. controls 90 per cent. of the plants of the country.

### Burglars at Oak Harbor.

Toledo, March 16.—Robbers entered four business houses in Oak Harbor before daylight Friday and dynamited the safes in Feitze's saloon, Rose's market and Ficken's dry goods store. They obtained less than \$100, but did a great deal of damage.

### Withdraws His Offer.

Akron, March 20.—Because the council appointed a committee to see both Carnegie and Col. George T. Perkins about erecting a library, the latter yesterday withdrew his offer made some weeks ago to give \$50,000 for that purpose.

### Robbed by Highwaymen.

Milan, March 20.—Charles Williams, while engaged in buying cattle in the eastern part of this county, was held up by three highwaymen, Monday night. After they demanded his money Williams drew a revolver and fired, wounding one. The highwaymen closed in on him and Williams was knocked senseless. They then went through his pockets and got his watch and chain and \$375 in cash. Williams, after regaining consciousness, ran to a neighboring house and gave the alarm. There is no clew to the robbers.

## FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA

The Great Natural Fertility of the Soil in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

What Has Been Done by Premier Greenway, Himself a Leading Farmer.

Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of the Province of Manitoba, one of the foremost farmers of Western Canada, writes an excellent article to the press, from which the following extracts are made:

The writer came to Manitoba from Ontario in the autumn of 1878, and has ever since been engaged in agricultural pursuits. From the day, nearly 22 years ago, when he selected his homestead, he has had unbounded faith in the country as a place where farming can be successfully carried on, if pursued upon proper lines. There is a large number in this Province who should rather be called "wheat-growers" than farmers. On account of the facilities, natural advantages, and therefore cheapness with which wheat can be grown, no doubt many have done exceedingly well by raising wheat only; still, it is far from ideal farming. Not only will such a course, if persisted in, have the effect of causing the land to run out, as has been the experience of those who pursued the same plan in the wheat-producing prairie States to the south of us, but it is far from being the most profitable course to adopt.

This fact is already being demonstrated in Manitoba. Let the farms in this Western country be managed upon the lines which were successful in the Eastern Provinces, and much more can be done here in a given time than was ever done in the East. The probabilities of failure are practically nil. Upon the farm there should be found horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, according to the ability of the farmer—with respect to his means and the extent of his holding. The wanton waste which has hitherto been practiced by many farmers, that of burning vast quantities of excellent fodder after threshing is done, should cease; it should all be used upon the farm and converted into the old, sensible kind of fertilizer manure, and afterwards be returned to the soil, so that what has been taken from it by the crop may be restored. Although admitting that the great natural fertility of the soil in Manitoba and the success that has attended the growing of wheat for years upon the same land have a tendency to make such a course as the one mentioned tempting, yet, if continued, wheat-growing upon the same land year after year is undoubtedly a mistake.

The writer knows of no country that offers advantages so great to the agriculturist as does Manitoba. The various branches of farming can be carried on successfully, as twenty-two years of practical operations and observations of what others are doing have proven. To those desiring to make new homes for themselves, the low price of some of the best lands in the world (although rapidly advancing in price this year) offer still great opportunities. To all such the invitation is cordially given to "Come and See." There need be no poor people here. There is land for all who choose to come, land upon which happy homes can be established, and from which ample resources can be gathered against old age. All that a man needs to achieve competence in this domain is common-sense and industry. With these qualifications he is bound to succeed. For information regarding free homestead lands, apply to any agent of the government whose advertisement appears elsewhere in these columns.

**Cheap Rates to California.**  
February 12th and each Tuesday thereafter, until and including April 30th, Special Low Rate Colonies Tickets will be sold via the Southern Pacific Company's "Oregon" and "Sunset" Routes to all points in California. The rate will be: From Chicago \$30.00, from St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans \$27.50, from Omaha, Kansas City, etc., \$25.00. Corresponding low rates from all other points east and north.

For particulars and detailed information pertaining to the Southern Pacific Company's Routes, and these special rates to California, call upon or address:  
W. G. Neimyer, G. W. A., S. P. Co., 233 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.  
W. H. Connor, C. A., S. P. Co., Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
G. G. Herring, C. A., S. P. Co., 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.  
L. E. Townsend, C. A., S. P. Co., 421 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.  
C. C. Cary, C. A., S. P. Co., 208 Sheldy Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Pride is the fog that surrounds insignificance.—Chicago Daily News.

**Proof of the Padding.**  
Ten hours between New York and Buffalo means excellent travelling and when I say I travelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour, gathered no dirt, and was not bothered with dust, you can believe me when I say my steel gray travelling costume was as clean when I stepped off at Buffalo as when I said "Au Revoir" at Hoboken.

The Lackawanna is a route worthy of the attention of all who wish to travel in luxury, in absolute cleanliness, and in security. The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the Lackawanna Limited will be a favorite train with ladies visiting the Pan-American Exposition.—Marie Jarboe, in Toilettes.

Many a man is toasted who needs to be roasted.—Aitchison Globe.

**Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!**  
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee, 15c and 25c, per package. Sold by all grocers.

A dog's tail is something of a wag.—Chicago Daily News.

**Save the Baby.**  
When suffering from Croup, Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis by using Hoxsie's Cough Cure promptly. No opium. No nausea. 50 cts.